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The Church Bazaar at Mulberry Corners



Ward Macauley

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The Church Bazaar at Mulberry Corners

An Entertainment in One Scene

BY

Ward Macauley

*Author of "A Surprise Party at Brinkley's," "Mrs. McGreevy's
Boarders," "Graduation Day at Wood Hill School," etc.*



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no,

The Church Bazaar at Mulberry Corners

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | | |
|-------------------------|-----------|--|
| MRS. HI PRICE | | <i>the boss of the bazaar.</i> |
| MRS. MOLLY FEATHERSTONE | | <i>who knows a thing or two.</i> |
| MISS EMILY SIMPKINS | | <i>who is still hopeful.</i> |
| MR. BIDLOW | | <i>a careful buyer.</i> |
| IRENE | } | <i>three simperers.</i> |
| JOSIE | | |
| JENNIE | | |
| ELIZABETH | | <i>a singer.</i> |
| ELLA FARNUM | | <i>fortune-teller pro tem.</i> |
| CLYDE HOPPER | | <i>an inexperienced young man.</i> |
| GENEVIEVE RODMAN | | <i>his first best girl.</i> |
| MR. BROWNELL | | <i>of reputed wealth.</i> |
| MRS. TURNER | | <i>at the wheel of fortune.</i> |
| MR. CAL SHUPP | | <i>a confirmed bachelor.</i> |
| MRS. JONES | | <i>a loyal supporter of the bazaar.</i> |
| TOMMY | | <i>a gastronomet.</i> |
| MR. SMITH | } | <i>who kindly donate their services.</i> |
| MR. JENKINS | | |
| ABNER | | <i>a helping hand.</i> |
| MR. AND MRS. LOMLEY | | <i>who have been discussed.</i> |
| VISITORS | | <i>as many as desired.</i> |

TIME.—Forty-five minutes.

STORY OF THE ENTERTAINMENT

The church at Mulberry Corners is holding a grand bazaar of useful and fancy articles. The ladies gather to prepare the booths, etc. Queer lemonade. All is not peaceful in the Committee. Mr. Bidlow, the first visitor, offers fifteen cents for a dollar handkerchief. "This is a church fair, not an auction." Clyde Hopper finds eighty cents doesn't go far. Mr. Bidlow gets the purple socks for eight cents. Miss Simpkins has her eye on Cal Shupp, but Cal is wary. "A bachelor's apt to get in trouble where there's pretty girls." Mr. Brownell has left his purse at home. "So sorry." He refuses to go in debt. "I promised my mother." While the show is going on Tommy gets into the ice-cream. Cal wins the cake at the final auction, and with it the right to kiss Emily. Emily is willing, and the fair breaks up in merriment.

DIRECTIONS

Careful attention to the details of the stage-setting is necessary. The various booths should be represented as cleverly as possible. The scene plot may be altered to suit convenience. The more ingenuity used in making the bazaar realistic the more sure the success of the entertainment. Real ice-cream should be served and a goodly display made of the various articles suggested for sale. Fancy decorations add to the effect.

The characters should be wisely chosen and should dress in country style, but not farcically pronounced. Smith and Jenkins are city men and dress well. Miss Simpkins is thirty-five, but still hopeful. She is short and dark. Mr. Shupp is the same age. Clyde and Genevieve are about sixteen. Irene, Josie, Jennie and Elizabeth should be played by pretty, attractive girls of about seventeen. The ladies are of average middle age. Mr. Brownell and Mr. Bidlow should be represented as past forty. Tommy is about seven years old.

There are numerous characters. Only one can speak at a time. It is therefore necessary to give the others suitable "business" to give the entertainment color. By all means be sure to avoid the appearance of "hanging around." Careful attention should be given to rehearsing all in pretending to inspect fancy-goods, patronizing the ice-cream and lemonade booths, etc.

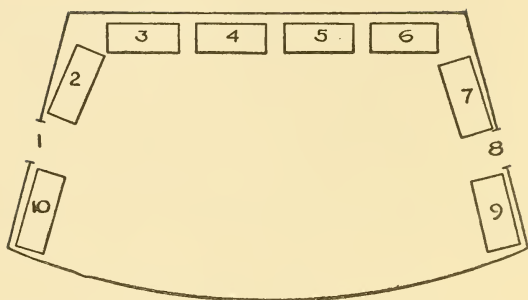
A goodly number of visitors will add to the realism of the piece. These may come and go during the action, and each person by changing costumes can impersonate several if desired. This silent acting should be carefully rehearsed. These details are very easy, but attention given them will do much to insure the success of the piece.

The wheel of fortune can be made of the wheel of an express cart. Each spoke should be numbered by means of paper labels. The wheel should be fastened to a large board, but left free to turn. An indicator consisting of a nail driven directly at the top shows the winning number.

PROPERTIES

Lemons, lump of sugar, slips of paper, pail of water, lemon squeezer, handkerchief, purse, nickel, pair purple socks, china cup and saucer, ice-cream, glass of lemonade, sofa pillow, ice-cream freezer, cake.

SCENE PLOT



SCENE.—The church parlor, prepared for the bazaar.
 1, Entrance R. 2, Fortune-teller's booth. 3, Lemonade.
 4, Wheel of fortune. 5, Ice-cream. 6, Fancy work. 7,
 Handkerchief booth. 8, Entrance L. 9, Candy. 10, Piano.

The Church Bazaar at Mulberry Corners

SCENE.—*The church parlor, prepared for the bazaar.*

(*The curtain discovers* MRS. HI PRICE, MRS. MOLLY FEATHERSTONE and MISS EMILY SIMPKINS *busy with their arrangements for the bazaar.*

MRS. P. I wish that man'd hurry up with that water.

MRS. F. I should say so. What would a church bazaar be without lemonade?

(*Enter* ABNER, R., *bearing a large tub of water which he has considerable difficulty in moving. Finally, after much exertion, he sets it in the middle of the floor.*)

ABNER. There ye be, Mis' Price, an' it was sure some job.

MRS. P. Never mind, Abner, we'll give you a glass of lemonade free. Now, where are those girls with the lemons?

(*Enter* JENNIE, JOSIE and IRENE, R., *giggling and simpering.*) There they are now. What's the matter with you girls?

IRENE (*giggling*). Oh, the grocer handed us a lemon.

(*Giggles.*)

MRS. P. (*sharply*). Well, what of it?

JOSIE. And that was all he had left.

MRS. P. Well, then, we'll have to make one do, though we really ought to have two. Now get busy and make the lemonade. (*The girls squeeze the lemon into the big tub down to the last drop. ABNER and JOSIE get to scuffling, and in the excitement, ABNER is pushed toward the tub and falls in hands first.*) There, you stupid lout, see what you've done!

ABNER. I didn't done it. I was done it to.

JOSIE. I'm awful sorry. I was only foolin'.

MRS. P. Abner, let me see your hands.

ABNER (*showing them*). Yes'm.

MRS. P. They're not so terribly dirty. When did you wash 'em?

ABNER. I ain't sure whether I did this morning or not.

MRS. P. It'd be a shame to waste all that perfectly good lemonade.

MISS S. } It would be positively wasteful.

MRS. F. } Extravagant.

MRS. P. Well, then, we won't say a word about it. No one will know. Abner, have you the sugar?

ABNER. Yes'm.

(*He fishes into his pocket and produces a single lump.*)

MRS. P. Put it in without my seeing it. If it's soiled I don't want to know it.

MRS. F. As I was saying, don't you think sixty cents is enough for the handkerchiefs?

MRS. P. Look here, Molly Featherstone, I am chairman of the committee, and I say seventy-five cents, and that settles it.

MRS. F. Oh, very well.

IRENE. Which of us is to tend the lemonade booth?

MRS. P. I've told you many times already that Irene is to have the lemonade booth, Jennie the handkerchief booth, Josie the ice-cream stand—no, let me see, Irene the handkerchief booth, Josie the ——

JOSIE. I'd rather have ——

MRS. P. Never mind. Josie is to have the lemonade stand, Jennie the ice-cream—no, let me see ——

JOSIE. Let me have the ice-cream ——

JENNIE. No, me.

IRENE. No, me.

MRS. P. You girls'd try the patience of Job. I've got it on a slip here. (*Reads.*) Jennie, ice-cream; Irene, handkerchiefs; Josie, lemonade. Now, run along and get ready.

JENNIE. Who's going to sell the fancy work?

MRS. P. Why, Elizabeth will sit in the booth, but I expect to sell most of it myself. (*The girls start for their respective places.*) Another thing, I don't want you girls

drinking up all that lemonade. If you want any you get your pa to pay for it the same as the rest. How much was the lemon?

JOSIE. Two cents.

MRS. P. You'd ought to have made Hornbucket donate it. The old heathen, he never sets foot inside of a church. You bet if I was a pretty girl, I'd never pay no old grocer for lemons for a church bazaar. If he wouldn't give 'em to me, I'd wait till he wasn't looking and take 'em.

JOSIE. Oh, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Blair both sent glasses. Which shall we use?

MRS. P. Whichever are the smallest, of course. Now hurry up and get ready.

(The girls go to their respective booths and JOSIE produces a large pail of water into which she squeezes the lemons.)

MRS. F. Goodness me, but this bazaar's going to cost me a pretty penny. What with cakes, and handkerchiefs, and home-made candy, it's an expensive thing, I can tell you, and no one appreciates it, either.

MRS. P. That's right—and the time, too. I guess my time ought to be worth something, and we was here last night—how late was we here last night, Emily?

MISS S. Till a quarter to two. And we was scairt to death for fear some man'd run off with us.

MRS. P. If I'd 'a' known how it would be so quiet and silent like, I'd have made Hiram come over for me, late as 'twas. But as you say, folks don't appreciate it. They lay abed, while we're a-slavin' here and getting things ready for them to enjoy. I wouldn't be the chairman of the bazaar committee again, not for a hundred dollars.

MRS. F. That's what you've said every year, and you've been chairman ten years.

MRS. P. Well, this is positively the last time. A woman's got some duties to her husband and family, hasn't she?

MISS S. I'd like to be chairman next year, Mrs. Price. I haven't any husband to have any duties to. Perhaps you'll suggest my name.

MRS. P. Oh, I don't suppose they'll listen to having anybody else but me, and I'll have to take it. But I will be very reluctant. You ladies know just how I feel about it—very reluctant!

MRS. F. Do you know what I heard to-day? Of course I don't really know, and it came to me second-hand, but the lady who told me said the lady who told her knew it was true—well, anyway—sh—we mustn't let the girls hear.

(She whispers to MRS. P. and Miss S.)

MRS. P. Well, for goodness' sake!

MISS S. I'm sorry you told me, Mrs. Featherstone. You ought to class me with the girls.

MRS. F. Now don't repeat a word of it. The lady who told me promised she wouldn't tell a soul, and I promised her the same thing. I hope I can trust you.

MRS. P. I won't breathe a word.

MISS S. You may be sure I would never mention such a thing.

MRS. F. And of course, as I say, it might not be true, and I'm not saying it is. I'm only saying that was what was said, just as it came to me.

MRS. P. Well, I guess we're just about ready if the other girls'd come. *(Enter ELLA FARNUM, R.)* Hello, Ella, glad you got here. Got your things ready?

ELLA. Am I to set in here? *(Indicates the tent.)*

MRS. P. Yes, and for the land's sake, don't let anybody know who you are. Keep your face good and covered, and disguise your voice like.

ELLA *(mimicking deep base voice)*. I'll try, ma'am.

MRS. F. I wish Elizabeth'd get here so we can be all ready. Somebody's apt to drop in any minute.

MISS S. Here she is.

(Enter ELIZABETH, R.)

MRS. P. Now all you girls come out here (IRENE, JENNIE and JOSIE join ELIZABETH) and get your final instructions. Be sure everything's spick and span, including yourselves, and be ready to get the men's money away from them. Don't be afraid of bein' persuasive, 'specially to young fellows. Just flatter 'em up like you wanted them to take you to the theatre.

IRENE.

JOSIE.

JENNIE.

ELIZABETH.

} All right, ma'am, we will.

MRS. P. Never mind sayin' all right. Do it. *(The*

girls busy themselves in the booths.) Well, I guess everything's done at last, and I must say that I've done well.

MISS S. We've tried to be a help to you, Mrs. Price.

MRS. P. Oh, you have, you have; but after all, I'm the chairman, and the chairman has a great responsibility. It will be a great load off my mind. It's like having a mortgage on the farm.

MRS. F. (*loftily*). Of course, we've never had a mortgage on our farm, so I don't know how it is.

MRS. P. Well, neither have we, Molly Featherstone, and don't you make any insinuations —

MRS. F. Why, I'm sure I never —

MRS. P. Yes, you did, too. Don't tell me. And I won't stand it.

MRS. F. Oh, well, a guilty conscience —

MRS. P. Stop right where you are.

MISS S. Really, you mustn't quarrel like this. Some one will hear you.

MRS. P. I don't care, and I sha'n't speak to her till she apologizes.

MRS. F. You'll wait a long time, Sister Price.

(MRS. P. *disdains to reply*. Enter MR. BIDLOW, L. *The ladies all rush toward him.*)

| | |
|-----------|---|
| MRS. P. } | Come right with me to the handkerchief booth. |
| MRS. F. } | Come right with me to the candy booth. |
| MISS S. } | Come right with me to the ice-cream booth. |

(BIDLOW *is torn from one of the ladies to another, but is finally captured by MRS. P. and triumphantly escorted to the handkerchief booth.*)

MRS. P. Now, Mr. Bidlow, I want to show you the very handkerchief your wife picked out. She says to us, "Girls, if Mr. Bidlow does buy me a handkerchief, I hope he'll buy this one." I'll leave it to Emily.

MISS S. That's just what she said.

MRS. F. That was it exactly.

(MRS. P. *ignores her completely.*)

BIDLOW. Ahem, let me see that there handkercher.

MRS. P. Here it is. Isn't it a beauty?

BIDLOW. All linen, I suppose?

MRS. P. Why, I should say it is all linen.

BIDLOW (*examining carefully*). Not a bad looking handkercher. Not s' big as I like, but all right fer women. How much are you askin' fer it to-day—a nickel?

MRS. P. You forget yourself, Mr. Bidlow; this is a church bazaar. Now, we ladies placed a very moderate price on these elegant all-linen handkerchiefs. 'This one we are offering for only one dollar.

MISS S. I thought it was seventy —

MRS. P. (*glaring at her*). Not this one, Emily. Please remember that I am chairman of this committee.

(BIDLOW *examines the handkerchief very carefully*.)

BIDLOW. No, I can't see my way clear to give you more'n fifteen cents.

MRS. P. This is a church fair, not an auction, Mr. Bidlow. The price of the handkerchief is one dollar, but as you are the first here, and the first should get the best, I'll let it go for seventy-five cents.

BIDLOW. I might be induced to give a quarter. (*He takes a purse from his pocket and holds out two dimes and a nickel.*) Cash, too, no trustin' nor anything.

MRS. P. Seventy-five cents is rock-bottom.

BIDLOW (*putting money back into purse*). If you change your mind 'n' want to let it go fer a quarter, let me know 'n' I'll take it, if I've got any money left.

MISS S. Oh, don't be so economical, Mr. Bidlow. Remember it's for the new debatin' room. And really the handkerchief is easily worth seventy-five cents. I'm going to buy one myself.

BIDLOW. A bargain's a bargain. I bid a quarter just to please my wife. Now, I want to know do I get it for my twenty-five cents?

MRS. P. (*emphatically*). Well, I should say not.

(*Enter CLYDE HOPPER and GENEVIEVE RODMAN arm in arm.*)

CLYDE. Well, here we are.

GENEVIEVE. Yes, here we are.

MRS. P. So glad to see you both. How nice you look. (CLYDE *appears confused*.) Now, come right over to the handkerchief booth.

CLYDE (*to GENEVIEVE*). Do you want to?

GENEVIEVE. Oh, I don't care.

BIDLOW (*at the lemonade booth*). How much did you say lemonade was?

JOSIE. I don't know how much it was. It is ten cents per glass.

BIDLOW. I can't see my way clear to givin' you more'n a nickel.

JOSIE. The price is ten cents.

MRS. P. (*to CLYDE*). Excuse me,—Josie, let him have it for a nickel. We'll make a little even then.

(*BIDLOW is much pleased with himself about his bargain and drinks the lemonade exultantly.*)

BIDLOW. I see you r'member the injunction to b'ware of strong drink.

JOSIE (*contemptuously*). I guess it's strong enough for a nickel.

CLYDE (*aside to MRS. P.*). I never took a girl out b'fore. What's a feller expected to do?

MRS. P. You want to make a good impression, don't you?

CLYDE. You bet I do. I —

MRS. P. I do not bet. Please remember that. Well, to please a girl, you must buy everything you see. Give her the idea that you are liberal, and that you've got a lot of money.

CLYDE. But I've only got eighty cents.

MRS. P. You should have provided yourself before you came.

CLYDE. I thought eighty cents'd be plenty.

MRS. P. It might some places, but not at a church bazaar. Well, I guess the only thing you can do is to spend the eighty cents. (*Enter MRS. TURNER, R.*) I wondered if you wasn't coming, Mrs. Turner. My idea as chairman is to have everything start out punctual. Are you ready?

MRS. T. I don't see any rush here yet, Mrs. Price. Yes, I'm all ready.

MRS. P. Well, get your apron on and get busy.

MRS. T. I'm nobody's hired girl, Mrs. Price, I'd have you know.

MRS. P. Please remember I am the chairman of the committee.

(MRS. T. *turns toward the wheel of fortune*, MRS. F. *joins her and whispers in her ear*. MRS. T. *is greatly surprised*.)

MRS. T. You don't say so?

MRS. F. No, I don't say so. I am simply telling you what was told to me by some one else who got it from another party, and I hope you won't breathe a word of it.

MRS. T. Oh, you can rely upon me.

MRS. P. (*to CLYDE*). I guess I won't take you to the handkerchief booth, after all.

CLYDE (*loudly*). Why not?

MRS. P. (*aside*). Sh. You mustn't spend all your money in one place. Go get your girl some lemonade.

(CLYDE and GENEVIEVE *turn to the lemonade booth, where CLYDE orders two glasses*. BIDLOW *has finished his lemonade and is at the wheel of fortune*.)

(*Enter several visitors, L., who are welcomed effusively by MRS. P. and the other ladies and who go from one booth to the other, buying lemonade, handkerchiefs, etc.*)

BIDLOW. How much do you charge for a chance?

MRS. T. Ten cents.

BIDLOW. I can't see my way clear to spending more'n a nickel.

MRS. T. Well, you won't get anything.

BIDLOW. I'll see you later.

MRS. T. Better take it now. You're sure to get something.

BIDLOW. Ain't I always sure?

MRS. T. Not on this wheel of fortune. It's like this. There are twenty prizes, and there are forty numbers on the wheel. Now you might turn to number eleven and get something worth a dollar, and then some other fellow might just happen to turn to number eleven and he wouldn't get a thing.

BIDLOW. I'll give you a nickel.

MRS. T. (*firmly*). Ten cents.

BIDLOW. Six cents.

MRS. T. Ten!

BIDLOW. Seven.

MRS. T. Ten!

BIDLOW. I'll give eight cents, and that's all.

MRS. P. Take his eight cents, Miranda.

MRS. T. I don't care. Ten cents is the price and ——

BIDLOW. Eight cents cash.

MRS. P. Please remember, Mrs. Turner, I am chairman of the committee. Take his eight cents.

MRS. T. It's not fair.

MRS. P. Oh, no one will know.

(BIDLOW *tenders his eight cents, which MRS. T. accepts reluctantly. BIDLOW turns the wheel.*)

BIDLOW. Number 16.

(MRS. T. *searches among the packages and hands one to*
BIDLOW. *He opens it and reveals a pair of purple socks.*)

MRS. T. Well, you got a bargain. They're selling 'em two pairs for a quarter down to Hornbucket's.

BIDLOW. My wife wouldn't let me wear 'em. I'll have to get some black dye, now—more expense.

(*He turns toward the ice-cream booth.*)

(*Enter MR. CAL SHUPP, L.*)

MRS. P. } Why, how do you do, Mr. Shupp?
Miss S. }

SHUPP. Pretty much as I please, being a single man.

Miss S. (*coyly*). Oh, but it would be so much nicer to have a sweet little wife to come home to.

SHUPP. Oh, puff!

Miss S. Well, it would, a nice little girl that's all your own.

SHUPP. Pretty?

Miss S. Why, certainly, if mere physical ——

SHUPP. Clever?

Miss S. Oh, yes, clever, to be sure.

SHUPP. Pretty and clever. They don't have 'em in Mulberry.

Miss S. You are very ungallant; but I tell you if you want to see pretty and clever girls you want to go down to (*name place in which entertainment is given*). They're as thick as peas down there.

SHUPP. It's a good place to stay away from, then.

MRS. P. It is?

SHUPP. Yep; a bachelor's apt to get in trouble where there's pretty girls.

MRS. P. They'd have to be pretty to get you.

SHUPP. I should say so. I've had my fill of 'em. I know 'em like a book. They're deceitful creatures. I was as good as engaged once, but my girl thought she could fool me. She went to a dance over at Ash Center with another fellow. Gracious, a dozen folks came to me and told me all about it. Mighty narrow 'scape for me.

MRS. P. Well, we expect bachelors to spend more than married folks here at the bazaar.

MISS S. Come over and have your fortune told.

SHUPP. Every time I do I'm told I'm going to marry a short, dark-haired woman.

(The description should be worded to fit Miss S., who acts flurried but pleased.)

MISS S. Oh, do come and get your fortune told.

SHUPP *(pausing by the wheel of fortune)*. Well, what's this?

MRS. T. Ten cents a chance, ten cents a chance. *(SHUPP turns the wheel and is given his package. He unwraps it and produces a pair of baby's stockings. He thrusts them hastily into his pocket amid a roar of derision.)* I believe that everything like that has a portent, Mr. Shupp. I don't think there is any such thing as chance, do you? You are going to get married.

SHUPP. Not if I see 'em first.

MISS S. Oh, fie, Mr. Shupp.

(They enter the fortune-teller's booth.)

MRS. P. *(at the fancy-work booth)*. Just see this, ladies and gentlemen. This elegant hand-painted china cup and saucer for only two dollars and a quarter. Just think of it. Now we have only two sets, so if you want one, you must decide quickly.

(Other visitors enter at L. and R. and go to the various booths. At this point the majority are listening to MRS. P. She continues to show the china.)

BIDLOW (*at the ice-cream booth*). How much is ice-cream?

JENNIE. Ten cents a dish.

BIDLOW. I can't see my way clear to pay more'n five.

JENNIE. I can't help it. It's ten cents.

MRS. P. (*turning from her china*). What's the matter, Jennie? (*She comes over to ice-cream booth.*)

JENNIE. Mr. Bidlow wants ice-cream for five cents.

MRS. P. (*aside to JENNIE*). Let him have it and only give him half as much.

(JENNIE gives BIDLOW a dish, and he is greatly pleased at his bargain. CLYDE leaves GENEVIEVE, with whom he has been walking around arm in arm, and speaks to MRS. F.)

CLYDE. This is the first time I ever took a girl out. What had I ought to do?

MRS. F. Why, buy her some ice-cream.

CLYDE. I did.

MRS. F. Then buy her some lemonade.

CLYDE. I did.

MRS. F. Buy her some more ice-cream.

CLYDE. I did.

MRS. F. Better buy her some more lemonade.

CLYDE. And then what?

MRS. F. Then come to me, and I'll tell you what to do.

CLYDE. But had I ought to call her dear?

MRS. F. Why, I don't suppose she would object.

CLYDE. No, I guess she wouldn't object, but had I ought to?

MRS. F. (*laughing*). I'll leave that to your conscience. You'd better talk it over with Mr. Shupp.

CLYDE (*seriously*). All right, I will.

MRS. P. (*talking to the crowd*). Well, I'm ashamed of you all when you won't buy that elegant cup and saucer for only two dollars and a quarter. Now, I hope you won't hesitate when I offer this magnificent pillow, made by one of the prettiest girls in town. We are offering it at a ridiculous price, four dollars.

MRS. T. Oh, Mrs. Price, Mr. Brownell is coming.

MRS. P. (*excitedly*). He is? Where? Now he will spend a lot of money, girls. Just to make a good showing, Josie, give him a glass of lemonade.

MRS. T. Isn't that rather extravagant?

MRS. P. That is for me to decide. Please remember that I am the chairman. I know how to handle these men.

(*Enter MR. BROWNELL, L. MRS. P., JOSIE and a number of the visitors rush up to him. JOSIE offers him a glass of lemonade.*)

BROWNELL. Ah, a delightful occasion and so many charming ladies! Really these church bazaars are wonderful contrivances. I hope you make a lot of money. (*He drinks from the glass JOSIE has forced upon him.*) Ah, water! The delightful element! Nature's remedy for man's thirst.

ALL (*indignantly*). Why, Mr. Brownell, that's lemonade!

BROWNELL. Ah, a slight mistake. How much is it?

(*He feels in his pocket.*)

MRS. P. Oh, this is a little complimentary token of our esteem, Mr. Brownell.

BROWNELL (*still feeling in his pocket*). Funny thing! That's a trick I haven't done since one time I took a young lady to dinner at Delmonico's in New York thirty years ago the first day of September. (*He continues to look diligently.*)

MRS. P. (*plainly worried*). Why, what's the matter?

BROWNELL. I changed my clothes, and d'you know I must have left my pocketbook in my other suit.

(*Groans are heard at the sad news.*)

MRS. P. Did you leave it at home, Mr. Brownell?

BROWNELL. I guess I must have.

MRS. P. Well, if I was you, I'd go straight home and get it. It's not safe to leave a lot of money in the house. Why, the way burglars are acting —

BROWNELL. Burglars never struck Mulberry.

MRS. P. No, but there's always a first time. I wouldn't think of leaving money all unprotected like. Why, Miss Simpkins was saying a suspicious-looking fellow was up by her place less'n a week ago.

BROWNELL. Well, it was only \$11.86—not worth bothering about.

MRS. P. (*suddenly suspicious*). Are you sure you looked real good?

(She lays her hand on the outside of his pockets.)

BROWNELL. Oh, it's not there. I looked good. But I'll risk leaving it home one night.

MRS. P. *(aside to JOSIE)*. And to think we gave him a glass of lemonade. *(Enter MRS. JONES, L. CLYDE has taken GENEVIEVE over to buy her some more lemonade.)* Why, how are you, Mrs. Jones? So glad to see you. *(Lowers tone.)* I've just had the greatest disappointment. Mr. Brownell left his pocketbook home, accidental, he says, and it had \$11.86 in it. Just think of it! Eleven dollars and eighty-six cents, and I know I could have got every cent of it, too. There's that cup and saucer, \$2.25; I'd have made him take that and ——

MRS. J. Won't he go home and get it?

MRS. P. We can't get him to budge. He's that obstinate.

MRS. J. Well, then, can't we get somebody to break into his house and get it? It wouldn't be stealing, because the money really belongs to us.

MRS. P. Good land, none of our boys have enough gumption to do any burglarizing. Besides, he's got a dog that's got a nasty temper. I'll be glad when the whole thing's done and over. I wouldn't be chairman again for a hundred dollars. Well, I must see what the girls are doing.

(She flies excitedly around the booths.)

MRS. F. *(coming over to MRS. J.)*. Oh, Mrs. Jones, I'm so glad to see you. Things aren't at all pleasant here. Mrs. Price is very angry. By the way, have you heard ——

(She looks cautiously around and whispers into MRS. J.'s ear.)

MRS. J. Well, I never ——

MRS. F. I wouldn't believe it. I just couldn't and I wouldn't for the world have it get around, for as I say I'm not positive about it, but it came to me just as I told you. I thought you ought to know, but you must promise not to say a word.

MRS. J. You can rely upon me; but I must say I am surprised.

MRS. F. We don't really know what is going on, do we?

MRS. J. I guess if we don't nobody does.

MRS. F. But even we are shocked sometimes.

MRS. J. Yes, indeed. I never will forget how I was affected when I heard about Mrs. Peterson. I fell in a swoon. They had to carry me into the house.

(They go toward the candy stand. SHUPP and Miss S. come out of the fortune-teller's tent.)

Miss S. Oh, fie, Mr. Shupp, you're going to get married before another church bazaar rolls around, and to a short, dark-haired woman.

(Make the description fit Miss S.)

SHUPP. That fortune-teller has got another guess coming. I ain't a-goin' to get married at all—leastways not unless I'm forced to—and if I did get married, I'd marry a tall, thin blonde.

Miss S. Just how d' you mean, unless you was forced to?

SHUPP. Well, if they was to hold a gun to my head and say "Marry her or we'll shoot," I might consider it a moment, though I'm not sure which I'd do.

Miss S. *(cooly)*. There's other ways of being compelled besides revolvers, Mr. Shupp.

SHUPP. Yes, they might get a sword or a big club.

Miss S. I was thinking of being compelled by the cords of love.

SHUPP. Oh, fiddle.

Miss S. If your heart ever got touched you wouldn't say fiddle.

SHUPP. I'd rather have my heart touched than my pocketbook.

Miss S. I expect to live to go to your wedding, Cal Shupp, with all your big talk.

(CLYDE leaves GENEVIEVE, who is still drinking lemonade, and makes his way to SHUPP.)

CLYDE. Oh, Mr. Shupp, I want to ask you something.

SHUPP. Ask Miss Simpkins here.

CLYDE. No, I was told to ask you. *(He draws SHUPP a step away.)* I want to know if it's right for me to call Genevieve dear. I'm taking her out for the first time, and I'm not sure what's expected.

SHUPP. Oh, it's expected, all right.

(He roars heartily.)

CLYDE. Thank you so much, Mr. Shupp. I'm glad to know what to do. You're quite sure she expects it?

SHUPP. Oh, she expects it all right, but if you value your happiness, don't you do it.

CLYDE (*concerned*). Why not—if she expects it?

SHUPP. Young man, did you ever hear of a breach-of-promise suit?

CLYDE. Yes—yes, sir.

SHUPP. Well, they ain't very pleasant, I can tell you, and calling a girl "dear" is the first step to getting mixed up in one. If I was you—or for that matter, if I was myself—I'd keep just as far from the women as possible. You've got to take her home, can't very well avoid it, but keep away from 'em in future. Some time I'll tell you my experience with 'em, and then you can judge according.

CLYDE. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

MISS S. (*coming up*). Don't believe a word he says, Clyde. The fortune-teller just said he was going to marry a short, dark-haired woman. (*Appears confused.*)

SHUPP. Not if I happen to see her first.

MRS. F. Right this way for home-made candy, only sixty cents a pound.

BIDLOW. I can't give more'n thirty-five cents.

GENEVIEVE (*to CLYDE*). What'll we do now?

CLYDE. Oh, I don't care.

GENEVIEVE. What do you say to having a little more ice-cream?

CLYDE (*embarrassed*). Why, I guess so, certainly. Wait just a moment. Excuse me. (*He hurries from her side.*) Oh, Mr. Shupp, lend me ten cents, will you?

SHUPP. Broke, are you? Serves you right for getting mixed up with women. Yes, I'll lend you the money, but you got to sign this paper, I O U ten cents.

CLYDE (*eagerly*). Yes, sir, yes, sir.

SHUPP. Furthermore, if not paid back in one week, you'll have to pay me a nickel interest.

CLYDE (*impatiently*). Yes, sir, yes, sir.

SHUPP. There you are, then.

(CLYDE takes money and rejoins GENEVIEVE, and they turn to the ice-cream booth.)

CLYDE. What kind you going to have?

GENEVIEVE. Vanilly, seeing that's all they've got.

CLYDE. I don't care for any myself.

GENEVIEVE. Oh, do have some.

CLYDE. I don't care for any just now.

GENEVIEVE. Well, let's wait and we'll both have some.

CLYDE. I guess I've had enough for to-night.

GENEVIEVE. It'll spoil it for me, if you don't have some.

CLYDE. I have a particular reason for not wishing to eat any more ice-cream to-night.

GENEVIEVE. What is the reason?

CLYDE. Oh, I can't tell you.

GENEVIEVE. Oh, please tell me.

CLYDE. Oh, I can't.

GENEVIEVE. Oh, come on.

CLYDE. I can't. It wouldn't be proper.

GENEVIEVE. Oh!

(CLYDE orders the ice-cream for GENEVIEVE.)

MRS. P. (to Miss S.). Things aren't selling as well as I wish they might. I never saw such a stingy lot of men in all my days.

MISS S. They are very near, without doubt.

MRS. P. I should say they was near. And such values as we're offering, too! Why, it's a shame to sell aprons like those for seventy-five cents. It's discouraging after the way we've slaved.

MISS S. Just as you said, they don't appreciate it.

MRS. P. I only hope we make expenses.

MISS S. How much ice-cream are we going to have left?

MRS. P. One thing's certain—we wouldn't make a cent if folks didn't donate a lot of stuff.

MISS S. For me, I'd just as soon donate the money right out.

MRS. P. But then we wouldn't have any bazaar committee or anything.

(GENEVIEVE appears visibly distressed.)

GENEVIEVE. Oh, Clyde, I don't feel very well.

CLYDE (concerned and embarrassed). Why, what's the matter?

GENEVIEVE. I don't know. (She appears quite ill.) Perhaps we'd better go home.

MRS. P. (coming up). Why, what's the matter?

CLYDE. She's very, very ill.

(Ladies come running up.)

GENEVIEVE. Perhaps it was the lemonade and the ice-cream.

MRS. P. No, you're all right, child. I'm no Christian Scientist, but I know that lemonade never hurt you. *(Aside to one of the ladies.)* Not when three lemons made forty glasses.

CLYDE. Maybe I'd better take you home.

MRS. P. Nonsense, we're going to have some music. She'll be all right in a minute. You just stay till it's over.

GENEVIEVE. I think I feel a little better.

MRS. P. Of course you do.

CLYDE. Had we ought to call a doctor?

MISS S. Let her rest, and she'll be all right.

(MRS. P. rushes over to BROWNELL.)

MRS. P. Oh, Mr. Brownell, here's a lovely pillow I want you to buy. It's hand-made, and I'll let it go for four dollars and I'll trust you for the money.

BROWNELL. But suppose I shouldn't pay?

MRS. P. Oh, we'll risk that.

BROWNELL. When I was a boy, I promised my mother I'd never go in debt for a cent. It was almost her last words: "My boy, pay as you go. Owe no man anything. Promise me faithful." And I promised her. You wouldn't want me to break a promise to my mother?

MRS. P. Just what was it you said she said?

BROWNELL. "My boy, pay as you go. Owe no man anything. Promise me faithful."

MRS. P. But you aren't owing any man anything. You're owing me.

BROWNELL. I guess you're right, Sister Price, and it's up to me. Give me the pillow.

(MRS. P. brings it to him triumphantly.)

BROWNELL. You certainly are O. K. to run a church bazaar.

MRS. P. I've had years of experience.

MISS S. *(to SHUPP)*. It's perfectly horrid the way you talk, Cal Shupp.

SHUPP. Say what you mean's my motto.

MISS S. Don't you know love is the greatest thing in the world?

SHUPP (*brusquely*). What about it?

MISS S. Love leads to matrimony.

SHUPP. Were you ever in love?

MISS S. Why—er—that is a very embarrassing question.

SHUPP. Well, if you was, it hasn't led to matrimony.

MISS S. (*sharply*). Wait till my book o' life's finished, Cal Shupp. This isn't the last chapter.

MRS. P. (*officiously*). Everybody, attention. We are going to have a little program, some singing, elocution, and some funny talk of some sort. Admission is ten cents apiece. Come right up and pay your share.

CLYDE (*to GENEVIEVE*). Don't you really think you ought to go home?

GENEVIEVE. Oh, no, I feel better now. If I had to, I could eat another dish of ice-cream.

(CLYDE *skirmishes around and finally succeeds in borrowing the money from MISS S.*)

MISS S. (*to SHUPP*). Poor boy, I believe in encouraging anybody in love.

SHUPP. I don't!

CLYDE (*aside to SHUPP*). You told me to keep away from the girls, and you've been going around with Miss Simpkins all evening.

SHUPP. You don't suppose it's my doings, do you? You can't side-step her.

CLYDE. I bet you take her home.

SHUPP. Well, I guess not.

CLYDE. All right. We'll see.

BROWNELL (*to MRS. P.*). I guess you'll have to make that \$4.10, Mrs. Price, that I owe you.

MRS. P. We'll make it \$11.86 if you say so.

BROWNELL. No, I guess \$4.10 is sufficient.

(*All the others pay MRS. P. except BIDLOW.*)

MRS. P. Come, Mr. Bidlow, pay up like the rest.

BIDLOW. I'm in now. I don't exactly approve of some of these goings-on you're going to have, but I guess I can take 'em in without paying anything extra.

MRS. P. The admission is ten cents. You can pay or leave.

BIDLOW. I'll give a nickel.

MRS. P. Ten cents is the price.

BIDLOW. I'll just stay in and not pay anything.

MRS. P. (*firmly*). You must pay or leave.

BIDLOW. Neither alternative is attractive, Mrs. Price.

MRS. P. (*firmly*). I've stood enough of your nonsense. You bought a glass of lemonade for five cents, a dish of ice-cream for five cents, and a chance on the wheel of fortune for eight cents. I guess it's not going to hurt you to pay ten cents to hear a good program.

BIDLOW. That's exactly where I object. I've got to pay ten cents whether the program's good or not.

MRS. P. Ten cents won't bankrupt you.

BIDLOW. It's not the money. It's the principle. I believe in always getting my money's worth.

MRS. P. (*exasperated*). Will you pay the ten cents?

BIDLOW. I will not.

MRS. P. Come on, girls, we'll have to —

MISS S. Not use violence, I hope. Remember, this is a church affair.

MRS. P. Please bear in mind I am the chairman of the committee, and I am responsible. Come on, girls, we are obliged to eject him. (*The girls in charge of the various booths, also MRS. T. and MRS. F., come forward. MRS. P. to MRS. F.*) We'll not require your assistance.

MRS. F. (*triumphantly*). I thought you weren't going to speak to me till I apologized!

(*The other ladies attack BIDLOW on all sides and endeavor to force him to the door. He sets himself firmly and refuses to be moved.*)

MRS. P. (*tugging away*). Talk about being sot, Bidlow, you're more sot than any woman I know.

ELIZABETH. He is obstinate.

BIDLOW. I won't even give five cents now.

(*The girls tug in vain and finally give it up, breathless. BIDLOW takes a chair in triumph.*)

MRS. P. (*excitedly*). Oh, there's Tommy in the ice-cream.

BROWNELL. Pardon me. I think the ice-cream's in Tommy.

(Confusion on all sides incident to separating TOMMY from the ice-cream freezer. He is finally dragged away, liberally spattered.)

(Enter MR. and MRS. LOMLEY.)

LOMLEY. Awful sorry to be here so late, but we couldn't get here a minute earlier.

MRS. P. Well, we're awful glad to see you.

MRS. J. *(to MRS. F.)*. Why, I thought you told me they was a-goin' to be divorced.

MRS. F. No, I didn't any such thing. I only said that that was what I heard, as I got it from some one who'd been told by another party.

MRS. P. *(clapping hands for attention)*. If some folks are so mean they won't pay for the elegant show we're going to have, we'll have it just the same. It's not right that everybody should suffer just on account of one man. Now, we are going to have Elizabeth sing for us. *(ELIZABETH should sing some catchy, up-to-date selection. Great applause at the conclusion. BIDLOW applauds as loudly as the rest.)* There, Bidlow, ain't you ashamed to set there and listen to that elegant music without paying for it?

BIDLOW. Not to-night, I'm not. I'm all the better pleased with my bargain.

MRS. P. If I was as sot as some people, I wouldn't come to church bazaars. The next number on our program is to be a dialogue by two young men who are visiting in town and have very kindly consented to donate their services —

BIDLOW. Then why had I ought to pay?

MRS. P. *(glowering at him)*. Let me introduce Mr. Smith and Mr. Jenkins.

(Enter MR. SMITH, as a negro, and MR. JENKINS, as an Irishman.)

SMITH. Say, boss, isn't you gwine to give me a job?

JENKINS. A job, b'gorry, 'n' phwat for should I be givin' you a job?

SMITH. Why, b'cause, boss, I'se related to you.

JENKINS *(angrily)*. You related to me, you great big —

SMITH. No dis'spect, sir, to neither of us.

JENKINS (*threatening*). No disrespect, you great big ——

SMITH. R'member, boss, I'se got feelin's, I has.

JENKINS. Yis, an' b'gorry, yez'll be a-feelin' wid 'em in a minuet. Oi'll hit yez till ye're white in the face.

SMITH. Dat'd be a case o' discoloration, hey, boss?

JENKINS. Phwat's that got to do wid it?

SMITH. Nuffin.

JENKINS. See here, phwat are yez doing, makin' a monkey out o' me?

SMITH. No, sah, dat ain't nec'sary.

JENKINS (*belligerent*). None o' your insults, you great big ——

SMITH. No dis'spect, boss. Say, is you gwine to gimme a job?

JENKINS. Oi is not. And phwat did yez mane sayin' yez was a relative to me?

SMITH. It's very distant, boss, very distant.

JENKINS (*angrily*). Oi'll knock ev'ry tooth out o' your black head in a minuet.

SMITH. No dis'spect, boss, but what was de name o' de lady you got married at?

JENKINS. Yez manes married to.

SMITH. Jes' as you say, boss.

JENKINS. Oi married a very high-tone loidy, Oi did.

SMITH. Jes' prezackly, boss, 'n' what's her name?

JENKINS. Why, her name was Kuhn.

SMITH. Jes' as I say, boss, den you's related to all de coons.

JENKINS. Get out o' here, you big ——

SMITH. Don't say nuffin you'll be sorry for, boss.

JENKINS. Get out o' here, you big good-for-nothin'.

SMITH. I ain't good for nothin'.

JENKINS. Phwat are yez good fer?

SMITH. I can sing.

JENKINS. Oi can sing better nor you.

SMITH. No dis'spect, boss, but I'se de better singer. I sure is.

JENKINS. We'll thry it an' see. Tune up wid ye. (SMITH sings "*Where the River Shannon Flows*," "*Nora, Nora McNamara*," or some other good Irish piece in Negro dialect. Applause.) Oh, b'gorry, I can bate that all to nothin'. Watch me. (He sings "*Old Black Joe*" in

typical Irish dialect. Hearty applause.) B'gorry, you 'n' me'd better go onto the vodyville stage.

SMITH. I'se willin', boss; lead me to it.

JENKINS. They'll pay us a hundred a wake, an' Oi'll give yez foive.

SMITH. T'anks to you, boss, for gettin' me a job.

(Exeunt, L. Applause.)

MRS. P. They are two of the funniest men I ever saw in my life. They tell me they appear in the best theayters in New York and Boston.

MRS. F. In theaters, Mrs. Price?

(MRS. P. ignores her.)

MRS. P. Mebbe Lizzie—I mean Elizabeth'd be willing to sing another song for us. *(Applause and ELIZABETH obliges. She sings some clever catchy piece and is applauded.)* We're going to have our annual auction now. We're going to auction off the church-bazaar cake. Now, everybody get ready. And you don't know what's inside that cake either. *(ABNER produces a mammoth cake and mounting a chair, MRS. P. begins the auction.)* How much for the cake? How much for the cake?

BIDLOW. What kind of a cake is it?

MRS. P. It's every kind of a cake. It's the church-bazaar cake.

BIDLOW. It looks to me like a lemon cake.

ABNER. It looks to me like a sponge cake.

CLYDE. I'll bet it's a pound cake.

LOMLEY. Or a vanilly cake.

SHUPP. I say it's an orange cake.

BROWNELL. It looks to me like a stomach-ache.

MRS. P. *(impatiently)*. How much for the cake?

BIDLOW. I'll go you ten cents.

SHUPP. I'll bid eleven.

CLYDE. If you'll trust me, I'll give twelve cents.

MRS. P. I'm ashamed of you. This cake is worth five dollars. Come on, bid up.

BROWNELL. I'll bid a quarter if you'll add it to my bill.

SHUPP. I guess I can go about thirty cents.

BIDLOW. Is there real eggs used in that cake?

MRS. P. Why certainly, there's real eggs.

BIDLOW. How many?

MRS. P. Why, about four, I guess.

BIDLOW. And eggs are forty-eight cents a dozen. That's sixteen cents. Allow four cents for flour, three cents for butter, two cents for sugar, two cents for flavoring, and two cents for labor, that's twenty-nine cents 'n' that's all it's worth.

MRS. P. (*impatiently*). Thirty cents is bid.

BIDLOW. I'll go thirty-one cents.

CLYDE. Genevieve wants that cake. I'll bid thirty-five cents if you'll trust me for it.

LOMLEY. I'll bid forty cents.

SHUPP. I'll bid forty-five.

BIDLOW. If you're going to talk like that I'm goin' to quit biddin'.

SHUPP. Do I get it for forty-five?

MRS. P. Come on, folks, bid up. How much is offered?

LOMLEY. I guess I've got fifty cents.

MRS. P. Do you bid it?

LOMLEY. I guess so.

SHUPP. I bid fifty-five.

MRS. P. Going—gone to Mr. Shupp for fifty-five cents. Now, Cal, with this cake you get a special prize. Take one of these slips. (*Holds out a handful of slips of paper.*) What did you get?

SHUPP (*reading his slip*). Em'ly Simpkins.

MRS. P. Well, you can kiss her. All us ladies agreed we'd do it, no matter who was chosen, 'n' no matter what our husbands think.

SHUPP. I got to get out o' here.

(*He vainly tries to escape, but is held captive by numerous willing arms, in the midst of the utmost confusion and hilarity. Miss S. is far from reluctant. Finally the two are brought together, and the "smack" occurs just as the curtain descends.*)

CLYDE (*at the same time*). Me too, dear. What do I care for breach o' promise?

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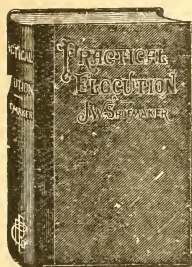
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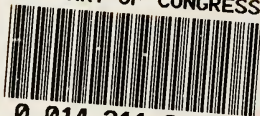
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